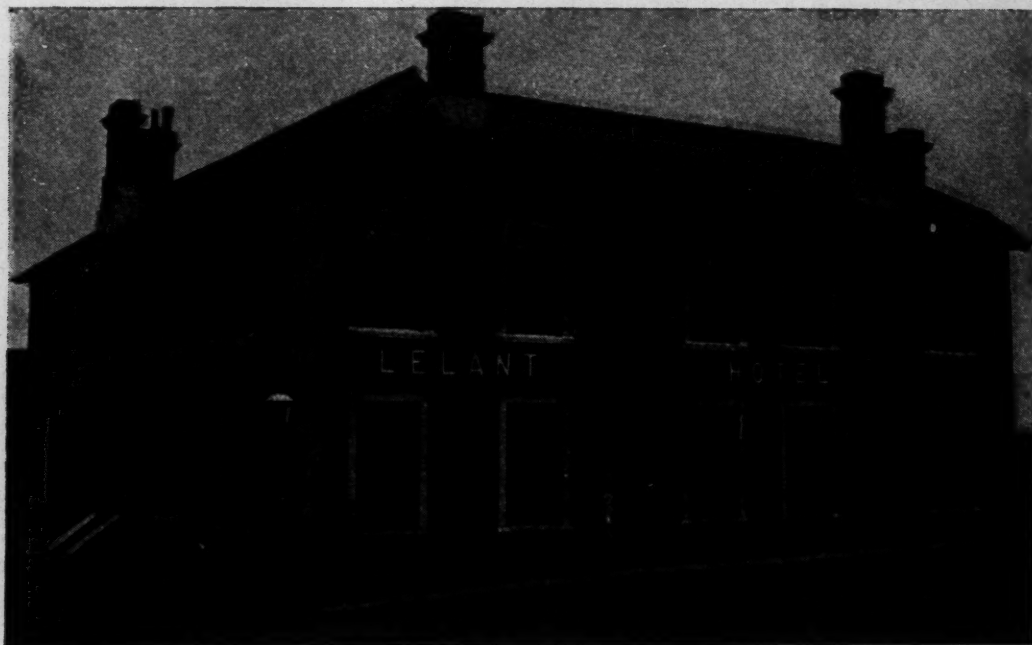




Proprietor.

THOS. DUNSTAN.

LELANT HOTEL,

LELANT, R.S.O.,

CORNWALL, *Ymas Day* 190

Beloved,

I went for a walk in
 Regents Park yesterday morning,
 and suddenly struck me how
 absurd it was to stay in London,
 with Cornwall going on all
 the time. I bought an A.B.C.
 & found there was a train at 1.
 It was then 12.30. However,
 I caught it, & arrived at 10.30
 last night. Adrian simultaneously

made up his mind to go to Brockenhurst.
At breakfast we had both decided
to stay in London. Sophie was
hysterical, & I have no pocket
handkerchief, watch key, notepaper,
spatulas, cheque book, looking glass,
or coat. However, it is a hot
spring day - I have been walking
along the sands, & sitting in the
sun. & when I have done this,
I am going to visit Robbin.
Lyttel came to tea on Thursday,
NYPL
& we were very intimate & easy &
I have no doubt of his charm.
But Duncan Grant also arrived,
which was a little difficult - He
went in ten minutes. At
seven o'clock Desmond MacCarthy
appeared, wanting tea. I suppose
the scandal will be spread now.
He told me how much he disliked

st. going to South Africa. & has his
novel was becoming ridiculous.
He seemed whimsical, but slightly
frank. He gave me a small
humming bird - dead - which he
had bought near the British Museum.
Then Castle came to dinner, & I
was very much bored. He has a
dull fluent mind, tinged with
romanticism - but I dare say I
would never find it out.
don't think that he would
master her sufficiently for her
desire. Then there came Lytton &
James & Frankie Birrell, Duncan
Grant, Keynes, Horton, a Colr.
They sat round mostly silent. &
I wished for any woman - a girl
would have been a miracle. I
talked to Frankie & Keynes most
of the time. But it was Frankie
desperately work. However Frankie
(if that is his name) told me how

he had an idiot brother, a w
Vincennes sex & illegal rite. Cole,
of course, was disastrous. He
began to talk stories about shocking
policemen a challenging Hugh Lane
which I had to answer, across the
room, & every one sat silent. Then
he stayed till 2 talking about medals
& the Paulinis. Everyone left - even
Horton couldn't sit him out. I told
Horton that you were asking him to
dinner on Thursday; if you asked he
is going to dine with us. I saw
him blush at your name - NYPL
but all
the intimacies were impossible.
It was like climbing a wall perpetually.
I am so drugged with fresh air that
I can't write, & now my ink fails.
As for the beauty of this place, it surpasses
every other season. I have the hotel
to myself - & got a very nice sitting
room for nothing. It is very comfortable
& humble, & infinitely better than
the lizard & St. Louis. The furniture &
the landscape - they must wait. How
I wish you were coming out with me now -
it is very warm, bright blue sky & sea,
no wind. Smells heavenly. What a
mercy about H. P. G. L/B.

HAMIL 2/16/78

(a22)

[from The Mount House Blean]
24 June 1910

29,
Fitzroy Square,
W.

V

Friday.

Beloved,

Samuel's decision is
of course, rather depressing;
but not unexpected. I
only feel cross that he
didn't insist at once.
I suppose you didn't
ask about the cost. I'm
afraid it will be great.
Also I should like to
begin without delay. -
not stay on here till

Thursday. I suppose Savage
 will talk me as soon as
 he knows. I've no
 doubt it will be. I am able,
 or the thought of the
 nurses & the food & the
 boredom is disconcerting; but
 I also ^{NYPL} imagine the
 delights of being sane again.
 He says he won't insist on
 complete isolation, so I
 suppose I shant be as
 badly off as I was before.

There isn't much news to tell you.
Sophie seemed on the point of
collapsing at first, & has to sit
while I order dinner. But she
is as mild as milk, &
George & Jennie make
her almost weep. I think
we ought to start a sinking
fund for her. When I heard
the cocks crow last night, I
thought she was gurgling her last.
With great cunning, I told her
how Jennie had complained of the
range; she at once became very
magnanimous, & said that Jennie
hadn't had her experience; & that
as a matter of fact, the range here
is a very good range as ranges
go. She said at it was —

a bad range, but she often cooked
for 30 people on that. However,
her system of stoking ~~the~~ produces
warm drinking water, which
almost makes Olive sick.
She was carrying on a lively
badinage with the boy when I
was in the W.C. just now.
The Reginald Smiths have written
to ask ^{ms NYPL} "Adrian" or
small "Cornhill party" or
Thursday night; when some one
is going to recite "The
Contributors Dream". I rather
wish I could go. The
Glumpsi I get of Society in
your & Adrian letters makes
me of course, long to be in
the thick of it. Did you
have any intercourse with

29,
Fitzroy Square,
W.

Dorothea, or Hilton? George
has written two very
repulsive letters - oozing
with patronage, a semi-
lunacy. He thinks
apparently that I must
be smoking too much, in
order to ward off the meat.
Mosquitoes from a patent
I rather expect a patent
head net, of the newest
pattern, such as the present
wear on the Campagna.
He wants us to go to
the Pollards again. I think

I shall say that I expect to be
Confined next month. & let
him understand it for
himself. He will suspect
Saxon, & take immediate
steps to have him
promoted. He will also
run down to Brighton, &
negotiate a settlement
with Saxon père. How
factful he would be with
the lunatics at lunch!
bringing down a basket of
flowers etc, I expect.
Did Alice fall from our

melancholy Di. Currier yesterday, in
the intervals of a thunder storm.
I fear you abuse me a good
deal in private, & it is very
galling to think of it. }
begin to appreciate Chivers
position ^{under} ~~under~~ Lytton's treatment.
However, I dare say you feel
something, too, that Lytton
does not.

Only, as I never
abuse you, I feel it rather hard;
& possibly I ought to consider a
scheme for the future. But

I dare say this is all great
nonsense; & if it ~~is~~ is not, there
may be no use in saying it.
Of course, I adore you!

I wonder what you make of
Adrian.
Saxon has written

to say that he cannot get leave
for Monday, & he would have
come. I suppose he would
have to go up on Sunday
night, which certainly would
kill him.

Would you let me know
what the ^{NYPL} rent of Lingfield
Road is. ^{Chloe} is

doing my income tax, &
has lost his notes.

Your letters are a source
of great joy.

You had a dismal time
here, & that I have

altogether been the devil ✓

bores. Your husband is

stranded inarily sympathetic
& charming.

Will you thank Adria for his letter.)
with m. 13.

Harriet 2/16/70

a. 23,

1910

✓
STATION, RICHMOND.
TELEPHONE, 505 P.O. RICHMOND.

BURLEY,
CAMBRIDGE PARK,
TWICKENHAM.

July 28th

Be loved, or rather, Dark Devil,
I meant to write several
days ago, although you
do say you rent cars -
damn. But in that
too I was hoodwinked by
Miss Thomas. I gather
that some great conspiracy
is going on behind my
back. What a mercy
we cant have at each
other! or we should quarrel

fill mid night, a Clarissa
deformities, inherited from
generations of hard drinking
Belle, would be laid at my
Door. She - (Miss T.)
went read me or quote
your letter. NYPL But
gather that you want me
to stay or here. She is
in a highly wrought state
as the fanatic upstairs has
somehow brought her case
into court; & I cant make
her speak calmly. Having
written & explain.
read your last letter at
least 10 times - so that
Miss Bradbury is sure it is

a love letter a woman very arch -
I can't find a word about my
future. I had agreed to

come up on Monday; which
would leave time for walking.
Saraga wanted me to stay in
bed more or less this week.

As I must see him again,
I suppose I must wait over

Monday. But I really put
think I can stand much more

of this. Miss T. is charming,
& Miss Bradbury is a good woman,

but you can't converse how?
want intelligent conversation -

Even your Religion seems
to me to have ruined them all.

Miss T. is always Miss Somerville
in silent prayer.

the about minded one with the
deaf boy. wears two crutches.

Miss B. says Chock Bells on
the sweetest sound on earth.

She also says that the old Queen
the Queen Mother & the present
Queen represent the highest
womanhood. I pay reverence

my gifts, although God has
left me in the dark. They
are always wondering what God
is up to. The religious

mind is quite amazing.
However, what I mean is that
I shall soon have to jump
out of a window. NYPL The

appliance of the house is
almost inexpressible - Having
white, & mottled green & red.
Then there is all the eating
a drinking & being shut up
in the dark. My food!

What a mercy to be done
with it! Now, my sweet
Honey Bee, you know how you

STATION, RICHMOND.
TELEPHONE, 505 P.O. RICHMOND.

BURLEY,
CAMBRIDGE PARK,
TWICKENHAM.

would feel if you had stayed in
bed alone here for 4 weeks.
But I won't argue, as I
don't know what you have
said. Anyhow, I will abide

by Savage.

Miss J. & I have long
conversations. She has a

charming nature; rather

whimsical, & even sentimental.

But there again, religion
comes in; & she leads a

spotless life.

She is well off, & takes

patients more or less as a

spiritual work.

She has

has poured innumerable young
women in ^{love} difficulties. They
are always turning up to
lunch, & I keep out of bed
& look at them. At
present there is one up stairs,
& a barren wife across the
passage. The almost fact
is shown with regard to
our complaints: - I make
Miss T. blush by asking if
you're mad. NYPL Miss Somerville
has periods of excitement, when
she pulls up at the roses,
& goes to church. Then she is
silent for weeks. She is now
being silent; & is made very
nervous by the sight of me. As

I went out into the garden
yesterday in a blanket with
beaver (sq), she has some
reason. Miss Bratbury is
the woman you saw out
of the window. A said was
homicidal. I was very
kind with her at dinner,
but she then put me to bed,
& is a trained nurse.
Miss J. talks about you with
awe. How you smile. How your
such quaint things -
eyes full with tears - how
beautiful your soul is - & your
hands. She also thinks you
write such beautiful English!
your language is so apt &
so expressive. Julian is the
most remarkable child she ever
saw. The worst of her is that

She is a little too emotional.

I have been out in the
garden for 2 hours; I
feel quite normal. I am
feel my brain, like a
paw. To see it its ripe;
it will be exquisite by
September.

NYPL

Will you tell Duncan that
I was told he had called.
I that I am furious that
they didn't let me see him.
Miss T. thought him an
extremely nice young man.
Do write, today. I long to
see you. Its damned dull
being here alone. Write
sheets.

Give Clive my love.
His visits are my brightest
spots. He must come again.
I will be very reasonable.

2 B

[1910]

Pelham Arms
 Lives & Ann
 Christmas Day.

Beloved;

Breakfast was as black as a
 workhouse today; not one letter, not
 one parcel; the postman actually
 packed the door. Miraculously,
 he returned, with your throat, but
 Expressive, Curse. As for forgetting
 you, the poor Ape was preparing
 for a day of St. Andrew's when
 the towns. Adrian saying that Claudon
 was probably in convulsions.
 My only other letter was from Jean,
 enclosing what I believe by Volstoy.

She sent a long fervent letter with
it, exhorting me to Christianity,
which will save me from insanity.
How we are persecuted! The
self concept of Christians is really
unsustainable. But the poor woman

has got into one of her phases,
which lasts a whole letter, about
something lacking in your life, which
alone with bring ee. ee. Then it
all comes over the other way round.

The weather has been surprising;
We walked on the downs this
morning, explored the town this
afternoon, & are now going to
Church. The eccentricity of your
appearance is magnificent.

His hair flows like a crazy post;
then we bought him a Harvest
hat for a shilling, a Strawberry
roan colour, suited for an
August afternoon. I wear a

bragat purple cloak, over my red
dress, with a smart black toque.
Asking about church just now, but
meas said "There is a Roman Catholic
church two doors down" evidently
placing us among the foreign
Christians. Yesterday by the way (Adrian
will take the story) I got past the
ticket inspector with a dog ticket. Hans
had mine. I was given a packet
by Sophie, inscribed "for dear Hans",
& asked to give it to him on Christmas
day. It was a bar of milk chocolate.
Clearly, something softens in servants
brains.

discovered that one can telephone from
here; Duncan can be talked to for
two pence. Adrian comes up beaming,
from Lora, I suppose. I with Drew
is discreetly. He says talking is
much more satisfactory than writing.

Last night before dinner we
wandered in the streets. "Spent
about ten shilling upon various
small objects, calculated to make us
cheerful — a flying bird, now whizzing

ground, a pencil, a looks ~~no~~ knife to cut
the pencil, an earthenware pot, a
jar of Aspenaker Black enamel, a
walking stick - in short a great
many small objects. Have
you had any excitement? Letters?
Confidences? Compliments?
As usual. I am violently in favour of
Country life. I like walking a
coming back for tea, a finding letters
(Oh what a sarcasm!) ^{NYPL} a having
tea, - then writing over the fire,
or reading a book about the poor.
(a safety pin for the hand to hang to has
now been stuck in to the (sitting)
I like looking at places on the map;
already I have bought two guides. The
Manned several expeditions.
Country is very beautiful; we just,
Pithy G. about Greens & purples, "
how you would say "What moss is!"
wonderful red that green in the country -
one becomes so simple in
raining out at all hours.
Why did you go to a pottery at

Bristol?

ZB.

Dec 27 [1910]

Pelham Arms.

Tuesday.

Beloved

no letter from you today. which
 is rather mean, I think,
 considering how long mine
 are, & written under such
 difficulties.

I have just come back from
 my visit to Brighton. It was
 the ~~the~~ bleakest thing I ever
 did. A strong wind was
 blowing on the downs, but
 I had a beautiful walk until
 I sighted a white flower on the

race course. Then I descended into
the suburbs of Brighton, which
are dusty & wind bitten, &
got a train to the Pavilion.
A little red-nosed ^{NYPL} clerk appeared,
so much like other people here?
I didn't know him. Far from
crouching out in some queer
angle was the Pavilion, as I expected,
he took me that we were to
lunch with his family. We
drove to the far end of Hove.
He lives in a street of small
villas. The house has a great
air of ~~poor~~ poverty. It is two
storeys to be ugly - tinselam carpets,
& only very low fires. A Miss
Charlotte, practically bald -
very lean & cold, was crouching
in the dining room.

Turner appeared & took me to her room, which
reminded me of Aunt Marys - The
brookes were so mangy in bristles, &
the combs yellow & broken. She
is as attenuated as a field mouse -
but you have seen her. Then we
lunched, & old Turner, called 'the doctor,'
a Mr. Stafford, who is afflicted in
every way, - can hardly speak - Ravenscroft
& Saxon came in. We had the remains
of several hearts, which would hardly so round;
& potatoes were sent up on plates for
people in their rooms. Your picture of
Saxon hangs over the side board. on a
dark red paper, & looks oddly out of
place. I kept up a feeble
conversation about the beauties of Lewes
with Mr. & Mrs. Turner; Saxon did not
say a word; but smiled at me once.
They were all very lean & uncomfortable.
After lunch I was taken to the drawing
room where they had lighted a fire in
my honor. It is a bright yellow
Stuffed with very cheap objects.
Mrs. Turner began to talk about
Saxon - He appeared & murmured
& shall I go up to Mr. Palmer?

"He's gone to see fit with one young
patients" she said. "So that I may
talk to you. Now, isn't that wonderful
of the boy? Not many boys would
do that." She told me how he
had learnt his letters before he could
talk, how he had had the whooping
cough when he was nine months
old, & often turned as black as
the poker "for a child of that age
couldn't understand about coughing
the phlegm up", how he had
never given her a moment's anxiety;
& left about his food. His
Sciatica chiefly comes from getting
the wrong thing; & spring without
runner. She only wished he could
find a good wife! But he
showed no signs of it. I'm sure
she thought that I was after him, &
had come over to pursue him.
Then she told me all about Cuthbert,
who is six feet, & looks very
rich yet; very different from Sayan;
very handsome; & would die if he

had to sit in an office like Saxon; he
has shot 3 elephants; one can't
imagine Saxon shooting an elephant! —
but still, if he chose there's nothing
he couldn't do. He has the

sweetest nature of any living creature.
Then we talked about his diseases again,
& she asked me to speak to him
seriously; & about his landlady, &
about his constitution, which is
naturally very tough, for though
female-boned, he has a great deal of
strength in him, more than
Cuthbert; though people always think
Saxon the weaker of the two.

Then we got on to Julian, & the
nameless one, who ought to be
called Vivian, or Fabian or Virginius,
according to her.

Last, said I must go; & she
evidently had many patients
waiting for her. Miss Charlotte

is a patient. Evidently, they are
very poor patients - Sayon
took me to the station; & we
hardly spoke. It was very gritty
& windy, & as there were no
shops open, rather dull; there was
no sunset. So that the glass
didn't burn; & it reminded me
of many dismal hours; & the
Fishers.

NYPL
I feel that one ought to think
very kindly of Sayon. It is
such a poverty-stricken middle
class family, & it was
as distinguished & nice as
Sayon, I should be think of
more arrogant.
Offline, in comparison! -
how one might boast of having
known her. But of
course, he is completely placid
& fine core, & always remembers his

mother's hand lot. It was amazingly
vibrant colour.

Adrian is spending the day
with Duncan. He did
manage to catch his
train last night.

W.B.